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"In die Ferne."

[At Mr. Perabo's first Matinée, Oct. 24th, Löwe's beautiful ballad "In die Ferne," was sung by ANNA WHITTEN. No one present can forget the tones of her voice, which (in connection with words) seemed prophetic of the approaching departure of the gifted and beloved singer].

A voice fell on my listening ear;
The singer's gracious form was near,
I heard her tones so sweet and clear:

"In die Ferne!"

A prelude was it, fit and rare,
To harmonies awaiting there
In der Ferne.

For in the coming season's hours
The young interpreter of powers
So vast and high, was to be ours

In der Ferne;

Touching all depths of heart and soul,
Swayed by the Master Mind's control,
In der Ferne.

But e'er those hours had reached their last,
The singer's spirit backward cast
Its mortal form, and upward passed

In die Ferne.

And as she winged her Heavenward flight,
She saw the glories of the Light
In der Ferne.

Again he struck the chords which stirred
The inmost soul, yet undisturbed
Mingling with those notes I heard:

"In die Ferne."

The voice, the song was yet the same,
As floating on the air it came:

"In die Ferne."

[From the London Musical Times]

Bach's Grosse Passions-Musik. (ST. MATTHEW.)

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

[Continued from page 178.]

It is strange even to wonderful that the matchless productions of the greatest master of counterpoint should have remained a secret in the land of his birth, and the locality of his activity, for as long again as the whole term of his life, after death had closed his labors. So, when Mozart was in Leipzig in 1790, it was only by laying the separate parts side by side of some of Bach's least inaccessible compositions, in the library of St. Thomas's Church, that he could peruse and take delight in those great works whose existence and concealment are almost equally marvellous. In 1803, more than half a century after the surcease of the grand old cantor, Forkel declared to the world what a hidden treasure was in his unknown music, and proved his assertion by bringing into public some, though but a small quota, of the master's noble art-legacy. These few specimens of his rare genius, with the two series of Preludes and Fugues known collectively in England as the "forty-eight," were all that was printed of Bach until the new interest in him and his writings was kindled by the reproduction of the music for the *Matthew Passion*, in the hundredth year after its original performance.

It is less remarkable that the fame, the works, nay the name of Bach reached not this country. So little did Englishmen guess at the radiance which would beam from the countenance of the then veiled prophet, that the ponderous Burney,

who devoted four massive volumes to general musical history and one to his researches in Germany, Burney, who was personally familiar with Carl Philip Emanuel the most fortunate son of Bach, dismissed the man, the musician, the master, whose now acknowledged greatness is the glory of art and of mankind, in a single paragraph; and this may be regarded as evidence of how little people here knew, how little people here cared about Bach and his works at the close of the last century. After the publication of Forkel's biography and selections, Samuel Wesley obtained some of Bach's music, promptly perceived and justly prized its endless beauty, and zealously strove to propagate a knowledge of and respect for it. He joined with C. F. Horn in printing an English edition of the *Wohltemperirte Clavier*, and some of the organ trios. Horn, a German by birth, was organist of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, and the father of the popular song writer and singer, Charles Edward Horn; and it was probably he who, in those days of difficult communication with the continent, imported the first copies of Bach's music. Then, and not till then, was the veil torn which had hidden the might of the master from English observance; and even then, his power was so partially revealed to musicians wholly unprepared for its recognition, that its extent and its very nature were totally mistaken. Bach was assumed to be a profound scholar, and his works within reach were regarded as scholastic exercises, while the character, the variety, and, above all, the wondrous expression that specially distinguish them were, to the generality scarcely more than to the student, imperceptible. He was supposed and commonly said to be a writer of fugues, but of nothing else; and this brief sum of his capabilities included no acknowledgment of the interest, far beyond the elaboration, that he of all men imparted to the fugal form. To this very day the prejudicial influence of that false estimate clogs our comprehension of the genius of Bach, and the merit of his music; and, in spite of growing familiarity with the beauties of his Suites, and countless other lighter writings, the habit here is to fancy that Bach is fully represented in his fugues, to regard these but from one narrow aspect, and to expect fugalism in every fresh specimen with which we meet of his innumerable productions.

Who looks for this characteristic of the master in his music of the *Passion* will look vainly; and if he be not disappointed at the absence of the fugal element throughout the work, he will be surprised at the poetical beauty of its declamation, the continuity of its melodies, and their truthfulness to the subject they aim to express, at the choral effects as fine as they are unfamiliar, and at the loving tenderness and intense religious feeling that infuse the whole. The work is indeed a contrapuntal marvel, albeit the device of imitation is almost totally unemployed in it, from first to last. The appliance of the art of counterpoint to the multiplication of the melodic interest, is shown in the complexity of the writing, and this evidences an unparalleled freedom, which is not more subject for astonishment than for admiration. It is practised in the accompaniments of the songs, wherein every instrument has a melody independent of the vocal part; and in the construction of the choruses, wherein all the voices and instruments, often of the two separate orchestras, have each their individual and distinctive progressions.

Such complication induces, of course, the extreme of difficulty in performance; but German example establishes that the difficulty has a limit, is not endless, not insurmountable. What has been overcome, always may be; and even the en-

deavor to master this masterpiece need not be endless if undertaken in the right artistic spirit by executants and auditors, whose repayment for their pains will indeed be ample.

The general character and prevalent expression of this oratorio are indicated by its title of *The Passion*. "He suffered and was buried" is the entire subject of the work, in the embodiment of which no tones but of sadness could appropriately be employed, since no feeling but of grief was to be illustrated. Despair, however, is as remote as jubilation from the purport and the rendering of the text; and thus all powerful means of contrast were beyond the use of the artist, whose sole resource, therefore, in this respect was to vary the accents of one penitential outpouring, which is as deep in its pathos as it is infinite in its sweetness. Here, then, are no Hallelujahs, no shouts of glory, no ejaculations of great rejoicing, such as diversify the great *Sacred Oratorio* of Handel; sorrow is the ceaseless theme, and meekness is the steadfast spirit in which it is uttered.

In order to a proximate comprehension of this work, a modern hearer needs to regard it in the objective rather than the subjective mood—as representing rather the tenets of others than his own.

Firstly, the lapse of a hundred and forty years has wrought great changes in the theological views of mankind. In the days of Solomon Deyling and Sebastian Bach, it was men's habit to think more of the physical features of the gospel story, whereas now their thoughts run rather upon its intellectual bearings. Their minds then dwelt upon the personal pains of the great sufferer, and were still imbued with the early Christian principle of enhancing to the utmost his bodily agony, even to the extent of making pain paramount at the expense of beauty, as exemplified in the pictorial illustrations of the doctrine, which represent the Saviour and the Virgin as hideous, to prevent their possible involvement in pleasurable associations. The loveliness of the divine character, its resistless attraction to all men, even the enemies of Him who bore it, and the exquisite beauty of holiness, are points more fondly regarded, and, indeed, more familiar in the present day; and we assert our Christianity rather in emulating the charities of sacred example, than in deploring the pangs through which He passed who taught the lesson of love. Hence, we must to some extent look through a glass tinted with the feelings of a bygone age, in order to perceive what was addressed to that generation in the light in which it was conceived and in which it was received. Hence, we must think ourselves into the thoughts of those men who strove to renew in themselves the anguish of the great sufferer from taunts and wounds and bleeding and thirst, and who believed that in such renewal was piety.

Secondly, the means and circumstances of the first performance of the *Passion* are not now, and may never be again attainable. In England, at least, a numerous party, whose views are as earnest as I believe them to be false, wish to exclude all such works as the *Passion* from performance in sacred buildings, wish to deny its loftiest uses to the musical art. Even were the influence of this well-meaning, but, it may be ill-judging party, still resisted, other reasons than their opposition prevail to prevent this particular work from being given, according to its original design, as a special Church Service. Were there nothing else, the people's unfamiliarity with the choral tunes of the hymns, and, still more, of the tunes in inseparable association with the same words, makes it impossible that any English public can take part in any performance of Bach's oratorio that then

was sustained by the congregation of St. Thomas' Church in Leipzig, who not only sang the tunes, but felt in them the voice of a mother's caresses awakening the sweetest memories of infancy.

Hence, we can now at most only imagine the holy place with all the thoughts that cling to it, the two opposite platforms with the double choir of singers and players, and the devout audience participating in due place in the performance with the two trained choirs; but this we must imagine, as completely as we must the frame of mind wherein the work was cast, if we would do justice to the composer, the composition, and ourselves, in witnessing the performance of the *Passion*.

Throughout this work, the instrumentation presents a special and most interesting subject for study. Very much less than in the contemporaneous compositions of Handel, is the completion of the harmony left to be improvised by the organist. Save in the recitatives, and in those not universally, there is no place where the voice and the bass parts constitute the entire score, and the music has, so to speak, to be made into music by indispensable additions from another hand than that of the composer. There are always several instruments engaged in the accompaniment of the voice; but, for the most part, they are less employed to fill up the harmony than to multiply the melodies, less to perfect the fullness of tone than to enrich the counterpoint, less to support the solo part than to divide the interest. Handel often, one might say mostly, writes but the voice and bass, leaving the larger, if not the more important portion of the accompaniment, to be supplemented on the harpsichord or organ, and intersperses his truly skeleton scores with occasional phrases for violins or other instruments, chiefly during the rests of the voice part, and rarely to accompany the singing.

When he makes use of this last device, his higher instrument or instruments have generally such parts as are better described by the term counterpoint than accompaniment, having to play less *with* the voice part than *against* it, standing as often above as below it, and being, indeed, quite independent of the principal melody. In like manner are Bach's instrumental parts constructed, except that, instead of such imitative or responsive points for them being of occasional occurrence, they run throughout an entire piece, and, indeed, through nearly every piece. The main aim in modern accompaniment is at giving paramount prominence to the vocal part, and at enhancing this prominence, while nourishing its effect by ample but always subordinate harmony. The subordinate harmony of Handel is indicated only by the figures over his bass parts, which afford no clue for the distribution or dispersion of the chords or the figurative forms wherein their notes may be scattered, a matter greatly essential to their effect. Bach equally implies by his figured basses that he, unlike modern musicians, requires similar discretionary amplification of his incompletely written scores; but his written parts are so continuous and so entangled, that a skill all but equal to his own is needful for the construction of anything that can be subordinate to them, that can sustain but not obtrude upon them.

The number and the variety of instruments employed in the course of the *Passion* are remarkable. This must not suggest, however, that the oratorio presents any beyond the very slightest anticipation of that beautiful art of combining and contrasting the widely-various qualities of tone of different instruments, akin in music to the art of coloring in painting, which was perfected if not wholly originated by Mozart, and which gives such charm to musical effect, that, too often in later days, some composers trust in its exercise to veil their weakness of ideas.

Two *flauti traversi* are often employed in both orchestras—the *flauto traverso* being distinguished from the elder flute, which was held longways from the lips and blown at the end like a clarinet or oboe, since held transversely and blown at the side—the German flute, whose name figures in the old-fashioned title-pages of last century arrangement, the only form of flute now in use, though its mechanism is now so elaborated that at

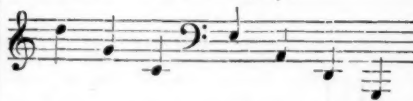
present little more than the form remains of the original.

Twice two oboes are also frequently required; the *oboe d'amore* is sometimes substituted for the more ordinary instrument of the same class; and two parts occasionally also appear for the *oboe da caccia*. This reminds one of the ancient custom of making all classes of instruments—viols, trumpets, hautboys, shawms—in sets, comprising the various sizes necessary for the several parts of treble, mean, tenor and bass, in each class or "consort" of instruments. Already in Bacon's time, who wrote as knowingly on music as upon everything, exception was sometimes made from the practice of restricting a composition to a single set of instruments, and when some of one consort were employed together with some of another, the combination was defined as "broken music." So, in Shakespeare's *Henry the Fifth*, in the scene where the King courts the French princess, whose imperfect English is pointedly syllabled by the poet, Henry says, "Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken."

The *oboe d'amore* was—for one dares not say that a single specimen is extant—longer than the ordinary instrument, with a thinner bore and smaller bell; was pitched a third lower, and had a finer and perhaps sweeter, though more plaintive tone. The *oboe da caccia* was much larger; its parts stand in the alto clef, and it is, perhaps, fairly represented by the *cornò Inglese* or *cor Anglais* in present vogue. Two of these low oboes and one flute form the entire accompaniment to the soprano voice in the air, "From mercy will my Saviour perish," which, exceptionally, has no figured bass, no part for the organ; a lovely combination, whose unbroken use, however, reminds one more of the treatment of the organ, where certain stops are drawn for two manuals, and are unchanged throughout a piece, than of the orchestra where new qualities of tone are brought into play at each new phrase, and even for the enforcement or individualization of any particular chord. Similarly, in several, nay in most of the other pieces, some particular instruments are employed throughout to the exclusion of the rest, and so a distinctive quality of tone characterizes many of the numbers, but is not varied in the course of any one movement.

Two songs, "Have mercy upon me," and "Give, O give me back my Lord," have a part for a solo violin, the distinction of which from the multiplied violins of the orchestra will always be marked by the speciality of the player's tone, as in modern instances of an obligato accompaniment.

Another air, "Come Blessed Cross," presents a difficulty to modern performance in its part for the *viol da Gamba*, an instrument now unattainable, and without a player, even if a specimen could be found. Its name distinguishes it from the *viol da Braccia*, which is virtually the viola of present use, this being the viol to be rested on the arm, the other being that to be held between the legs, according to the plan with our violoncello. The term *viol da Braccia* is corrupted in the German word *Bratsche*, the colloquial name in that country for the viola or tenor, the word *viol* being dropped, as with us it is when we speak of a bass viol, and call it exclusively a bass. There were two kinds of *viol da Gamba*, one with six strings, the other with seven. The latter must have been that for which this piece was written; its strings were tuned as follows:—



Its part stands in the alto clef, with occasional notes in the bass. It seems that, generally, florid passages were written for it, and *cantabile* phrases still more, that lie on the four upper strings; and that the last three strings, those below the break in the order of tuning by fifths, were of a somewhat different quality of tone, and were rarely used but for single notes that were the basses of the phrases that followed them. Chords of three or more notes, even to the ex-

tent of comprising all the seven strings, were sometimes written for it, which were of course played as are such combinations on the violin—the notes following in instant succession, since the arch of the bridge prevents their being sounded together. A recitative in the oratorio is accompanied in chords on the *viol da Gamba*, but the author must have been dissatisfied with the effect of this arrangement, for it was discarded in favor of another, but the original part is printed as an appendix to the score of the oratorio in the edition of the Bach *Gesellschaft*. Here, then, is an anticipation of the ugly modern English practice of accompanying recitative with chords in arpeggio on the violoncello, and here, too, is a valid protest against it by Bach.

The instrument is said to have had a tone lighter, and of a more nasal quality than our violoncello. It is said to have been a great favorite in this country, and certainly the last eminent player upon it, C. F. Abel, spent many years in high esteem among us, and died here in 1787. Some ingenuity is wanted to adapt the part for this obsolete instrument to present possibility, which may, perhaps be best effected by assigning to the viola all the continuous phrases and passages, and to the basses those detached notes which are below the compass of this substitute.

Sweetness and roundness of tone appear to have been the composer's object rather than loudness; for in no instance are brass instruments employed, though Bach's frequent use of drums, trumpets, and trombones in other of his orchestral works, proves that these were all at his command when he chose to avail himself of them. It strongly exemplifies the practice of the age, that he, who wrote more voluminously for the organ and more fitly than any other man, should have left the part entirely blank for this instrument, as Handel always did; but whereas, with rare exceptions, Handel's figuring seems to have been filled in by some kind of copyist or secretary, not by himself, Bach's is written in his own hand, both in the score and in the parts which he himself transcribed. Here is clear enough evidence that he wanted the organ to be played; but one may suppose that as, if he played one, he could not play both organs, he wrote the figures for the guidance under his control of whomever should fulfil this delicate task. In places which have not two organs—and where is the public building that has?—it may be desirable, in accompanying the double choruses, for the player to appropriate one manual to each choir, so as to make up for his unity of place and instrument by an always obvious distinction of tone. These are all points, however, for the decision of conductors and players; and the foregoing suggestions must be received as such.

(To be continued.)

The Boston Art Museum.

(From "Old and New")

There is one department of popular education which has been hitherto neglected in Boston, so far as any public provision for it is concerned. The instinct for art is quite as native and perhaps quite as general as the instinct for letters, science, or music, but it has never in any scheme of popular instruction been admitted to an equal place with these. Art has been and still is very generally regarded as a matter of pure luxury, and quite apart from the every day business of a working people. But it would be difficult to prove that it is any more apart than the literature or science which is admitted to be a necessity of the most humble school systems. How does a course of elementary physics help a man forward in a life of trade or mechanical work more than a study of the Parthenon frieze? How does a poem of Wordsworth or a speech of Webster, committed to memory from a "First Class Book," prepare a boy or a girl for the business of life more directly than a picture of Edward Frère, or a photograph of a Gothic cathedral?

The persistent wrong-headedness of the American people on this point is very curious to observe. Whether it is a relic of the old prejudice which made the Puritan look at a picture or a

statue much as a bull looks at a red cloth, or whether it is but the natural self-limitation of the Anglo Saxon mind, which loves to believe itself clear and positive and free from sentiment, emphasized and aggravated by the exigencies of circumstance which have beset the people of the New World and which are but just now beginning to lighten their pressure, we do not venture to say. But, either as cause or effect, the phenomenon is closely related to the hardness and angularity, the lack of what Matthew Arnold is so fond of calling "sweetness and light"—which characterizes the shrewd communities of America, intelligent and facile as they are, and which draws so sharp a line of contrast between them and most of the nations of continental Europe. These, less shrewd, less intelligent, less adaptable, exhibit in their manners, their art, their manufactures, an easy grace, an instinct for what is tasteful and picturesque, which might well make the most prosaic pedagogue of the old school ask himself whether education do not include more things than his philosophy has ever dreamed of.

No person who has ever observed carefully the crowds of people of all conditions which throng the little back galleries of the print shops, will deny the following propositions:

1. That the people in general like to look at pictures. This proposition is entirely independent of the cultivation of the people, or the quality of the pictures.
2. That practically speaking, the crowded little rooms above mentioned are the only places in the country where they can gratify this liking.
3. That whether they see at these places good or bad pictures, depends wholly upon the question whether good or bad happens to be at the time the most profitable investment for the proprietors of the print-shops.
4. That these proprietors, however intelligent, liberal, and enterprising, are not in a position which qualifies them for acting as the sole educators of the people in a branch of culture so important as this. [Thus in Boston at Mr. Childs's establishment, the succession of business gives us the magnificent collection of carbon photographs from the drawings of the old masters, sandwiched between a sensation picture of Bierstadt and Mr. Wright's picture of "Eve at the Fountain," so called.]

If, these general propositions are agreed to, what follows is a matter of course, namely, that as the providing of other and better means of education in the fine arts is a matter in which nobody is so much interested as the people themselves, the people ought to provide such means without loss of time, by establishing at once, on a scale commensurate with the just fame of the city of Boston, an Institute of the Fine Arts which shall as far as possible offer the same opportunities for cultivation in matters of art which the libraries offer for cultivation in literature. This duty was recognized a long while ago. It is now twelve years since a memorial was presented to the legislature asking for a reservation of land on the Back Bay for the purpose of a Museum and Gallery of the Fine Arts. It was signed by many "citizens of credit and renown," and advocated before the proper committee by many earnest and sensible lovers of art. It was represented to the committee that the time was ripe for the foundation of a gallery which should be a just source of pride to the city and State; that the pictures and statuary of the Athenæum would be at once deposited there; that the Jarves pictures waited only for a purchaser, and that contributions from other sources would flow in as soon as a suitable shelter could be provided. But whether the legislature of that remote period was not sufficiently penetrated with a sense of the place which the fine arts ought to occupy in the popular education, or whether the committee harbored a suspicion that the zeal of some of the petitioners was based on a desire to realize an advance in the prices of real estate adjacent to the proposed institution, the result of the application was unfavorable. The project was abandoned, its friends accepted the defeat, the Athenæum continued its exhibitions in the top of its high building, the

Jarves gallery was in whole or in part deposited in the New Haven art building, where it still remains, and during the twelve crowded years which have since gone by, although two or three times every year some friend of progress has been fired with enthusiasm enough to inspire a more or less lively communication in the "Transcript" or "Advertiser," there has been until now no real attempt to set agoing what all the while seemed to everybody a scheme at once so important and so practicable.

The effort and the failure looked like another example of the sanguine temper in which the good old town conceives the most hopeful and imposing schemes for the worthy aggrandizement of its people, and after well airing them in public meetings, and in legislative committees, quietly drops them and leaves to some other community the benefit of its deliberations and the realization of its dreams. We are not, however, much inclined to regret that the effort resulted in a failure. The civilization of the city was not ripe for it. We should be bold indeed in saying that it is ripe for it now. But it is certainly more nearly ripe. Anybody can see the change which twelve years have worked in the readiness of the people to receive and appreciate an institution of the kind we are speaking of.

It is then with the liveliest satisfaction that we have this winter seen the project revived by another set of men and in a somewhat new aspect. Strange to say, the Social Science Association, which has doubtless seemed to many of our readers only one more of the numberless societies with sounding titles, which appear to have been created chiefly with a view to multiplying the opportunities for speech-making, has accomplished what private interest had failed to accomplish, and has set this movement on foot again with a momentum which promises this time to carry it out of the region of projects into that of facts.

It happened oddly enough, that during the summer months, when the Social Science Association was endeavoring to determine upon the best shape to present its scheme to the public, the proprietors of the Athenæum, embarrassed for some years past by the encroachment of their growing library on the space devoted to the collection of pictures and statuary, and just then reduced nearly to despair by the bequest of Colonel Lawrence's collection of mediæval armor, revived the proposition which they had for some years considered, to build a Museum on their own account which should provide room for all their works of art, and at the same time leave their house in Beacon Street to be occupied by the books alone, and the necessary reading and conversation rooms. Repeated conferences between the special committees of the Athenæum and the Social Science Association, in which the inevitable dangers of divided counsel among a score of men seeking a common end through various methods seem to have been overcome with singular success, resulted finally in a substantial agreement on all the essential points of organization and government. It was determined that while a certain portion of the trustees should be selected from the citizens at large, on the simple ground of knowledge and experience relating to art, the rest should be made up of public men *ex officio*, as the Mayor of Boston, the Superintendent of Schools, the Secretary of the State Board of Education, the President of Harvard College, etc., the aim being to recognize and emphasize the distinctly educational character of the undertaking.

With respect to the financial aspect of the project there is little to say, except that the city government is reckoned on for the gift of the square of land known as St. James Park, the same on which the Coliseum was built a year ago. The funds for the building and its furnishing and maintenance, are to be collected by subscription from the citizens, the only money already promised being the gift of \$25,000 from Mrs. Lawrence, having reference chiefly to the bequest of her late husband above mentioned, and given on condition that an additional amount of \$75,000 should be collected by subscription or otherwise. But though the sum of \$100,000 thus

obtained would probably be more than sufficient for the cost of such a building as would be needed for the present, the committee foresaw so many and large additional expenses at the outset, added to what must necessarily be reserved as a fund for meeting the running expenses of the Museum, that the sum to be raised was, we believe, fixed at double that amount. Even this amount would be insufficient to provide for any regular increase of the collections, and it therefore was not proposed to make the galleries free except on one or two days of each week.

The details of the undertaking are, however, of course to a great degree undetermined, and may well remain so for some time to come. What the public are interested to know is, that they are in the hands of competent and earnest men who have no motive for any action but the wisest, and who will be able, if any can, to command the means which may be found necessary to place this important institution on a sure and firm foundation.

The collections with which the new Museum may be expected to open, include the pictures and statues belonging to the Athenæum, the engravings bequeathed by Mr. Gray to Harvard College, the works of art now in the Public Library, including the engravings lately given by Mr. Appleton, the admirable collection of architectural casts now belonging to the Institute of Technology, and the collection of armor of Mr. Lawrence, with such immediate additions as the funds at the disposal of the government may admit of. The Museum will thus begin life under circumstances far more brilliant and promising than those which attended the opening of the Public Library, and with half the aid from private munificence and public appropriation which that has received will take rank among the noblest educational institutions of America. No one will expect another Louvre or another Vatican; as no one expects another Notre Dame, or another St. Peter's. But Paris and Rome are beyond the reach of the mass of the people; and it is to lift the mass of the people into higher regions of enjoyment, and cultivation, and knowledge, that this undertaking is to be carried through. If we believe as we profess to do, that the civilization of America is to be raised to a higher level than the civilization of any bygone age, we shall best prove it by neglecting no effort to preserve and to better all the instruction which has come down to us from the past, and to use it as a leaven with which to enlighten the heavy and gross materialism which has become our distinguishing trait among the nations of the earth.

The Tosti Collection of Prints.

The admirable collection of prints belonging now to the city of Boston, spoken of above, has but just now been presented to the Public Library by Mr. Thomas G. Appleton. The full number of prints is ten thousand, several hundred of which are framed and glazed, so that they are arranged for general exhibition in the reading-room and other halls.

Cardinal Tosti, whose portrait is in this collection, at the right end of a row of the cardinals of his time, was a handsome man, who lived to be ninety or thereabouts. He was one of the managers of the hospital of San Michele, but was none the less at the same time a lover of the fine arts, and was, indeed, sometimes blamed by his brother cardinals for too much interest in them. Two of the youths of the hospital, Mercuri and Calamatta, under his encouragement, devoted themselves to art and became the leading engravers of their time, as is well known to all collectors of modern engravings. Specimens of all their works, many of which are now very rare and precious, mostly before the letter, are to be found in this collection. Whether the happy accident of being the patron who had the development of these two geniuses lay at the foundation of a collection of which they were a centre, or whether they were added to a collection before made, we are unable to say. At all events the collection speaks for itself. It was made according to the taste, whim, or opportunity of the Cardinal, and solely to gratify his own desires. He did not aim to be historically connected, nor probably did the means of the Cardinal enable him to gratify himself with all the more costly examples. It presents not merely very many engravings whi-

are useful for popular instruction, but contains certain specialties, such as a most extensive collection of portraits, and as might naturally be expected, many prints of religious subjects which will be acceptable to our sterile Protestant portfolios. Nearly six hundred fine prints, so carefully selected, neatly framed in mahogany or black walnut, were of course very suitable for a public institution where they could be hung without risk of injury before the eyes, and not buried in the silence and darkness of portfolios, or if exposed, liable to speedy destruction. To these must be added one hundred and thirty seven volumes containing a variety of subjects largely architectural, architecture having been a passion with the Cardinal; and by their solid binding, guaranteed against injury when used by the public. These are deposited in convenient and spacious cases, open to examination in the upper gallery of the Library.—*Ibid.*

Anecdote of Rossini.

MR. DWIGHT:—In the last number of the *Journal of Music* I see an extract from a new Life of Rossini, in which a question is raised as to the time required for the composition of the "Barber." Now, I remember well a certain winter in Florence, a good many years ago, when this opera was given, with great success, at the Pergola. Rossini was living then in Florence, but, according to his wont, never troubled himself to hear his own music performed. An English painter, Mr. S. (he who afterwards built the theatre at Fiesole) met the composer at an evening conversation, and ventured to congratulate him on the admirable performance of his work. "*Roba leggiera*," said Rossini, "*l'ho fatta in cinque giorni*," (Light stuff, I did it in five days.)

Rossini is known to have been an incorrigible wag, but what he meant probably was that, in that time, he had mapped out the whole composition in his brain, and the rest was only, comparatively, mechanical work. Even this, to other mortals, would seem only possible by miracle. To create the "Barber" in five days, or the Universe in six, may be held to be equally difficult; both seeming impossible, and belonging to the same category, the superhuman.

In retracing those by-gone days, I think I see the maestro pacing the streets of Florence, with slow gait and head erect. I remember once being in the company of an American friend, newly arrived, meeting him in the Mercato Nuovo. As the lion advanced on the opposite side of the street, I stopped and drew my friend's attention to him.

"Do you see that man?"

"Yes."

"That's Rossini!"

"Who?"

"The celebrated Rossini, the great composer."

"Ah, yes; I think I've heard of him."

"But he evidently had not. Now, if it had been Beethoven, or Franz. . . . ?"

[Or say. . . . Gilmore!—Ed.]

Monday Popular Concerts. (London).

[From the "Saturday Review," Jan. 22]

At the Monday Popular Concerts we have music for itself, and for itself alone—music precisely as it was intended by the composers who produced it, and with no other temptation of any kind to make it pass muster. Of course efficient execution with such an end in view was a *sine qua non*, and this, in various degrees of perfection, has been obtained. String quartets, piano sonatas, and other compositions coming under the head of "chamber music," represent art in its highest manifestations. He who can listen to them with attention and pleasure shows himself essentially an amateur, inasmuch as he finds gratification in music simply as music, and not as music set off by this or that extraneous aid. That many such exist is certain; otherwise, instead of 332 concerts, which, from February, 1859, to the present time, Mr. Chappell has been able to give, he would never, in all probability, have advanced so far as the first half hundred. Meanwhile, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., are become "household words" in a closer sense than was ever the case before. We previously knew Mozart by his operas, Haydn by his symphonies (in a small degree, be it understood) and

vocal canzonets, Mendelssohn by his oratorios and his inimitable *Lieder ohne Worte*, almost alone. Now we are beginning to know them in their most intimate relations—listening to what they said and thought while "musicizing" (as Richard Wagner would say) at their own firesides, for the love of art, and for nothing else. But it is not only with these bright stars that Mr. Chappell is making us thus familiar. He has exhibited some luminaries—"lesser lights" if we will—which have afforded only less gratification. If all musicians were Mozarts and Haydns and Beethovens and Mendelssohns, a painful sense of oppression, we cannot but think, would ensue. A perpetual intercourse with giants might tend to become irksome. True, Haydn, in his way, was an occasionally condescending giant; but the others, Beethoven in particular, were apt to exhibit themselves in such a manner as to persuade lookers-on that all the rest of the world were dwarfs. For this reason, if for no other, one must feel a strong sympathy for men like Dussek, Woelfl, Sterndale Bennett, &c., who, giants enough compared with ordinary musicians, reveal, nevertheless, certain shortcomings which allow us freely to criticize them, and, while envying their gifts, to love them all the more. To the works of men like these, not forgetting Clementi, Hummel, and others, we have been now and then introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts; and rarely has one been heard, when adequately performed, without affording unanimous satisfaction. The comprehensiveness, in short, with which the scheme of these entertainments is carried out forms by no means one of their least salient attractions.

But to quit generalization, we may proceed at once briefly to comment upon what, up to this moment, have been the leading incidents of the twelfth season. Let us first state that Mr. Chappell had, as usual, provided well for the legitimate success of his speculation, by engaging the services of a quartet of string instrument players of proved ability. At the head of these was a lady, whose singular genius absolved her from any necessity of claiming precedence under shelter of the universally-accepted motto—"place aux dames." Woman though she be, Mme. Norman Neruda holds her position by right of thorough ability to sustain it with honor. She has for some time enjoyed a reputation on the Continent as the greatest lady-performer on the violin since Teresa Milanollo, who played "first fiddle" at some of the concerts of the "Beethoven Quartet Society," instituted by the late Mr. T. Alsagor (one of the most enthusiastic amateurs of his day), more than a quarter of a century since. But, in our opinion, Mme. Neruda surpasses her famous predecessor in more than one respect. During her short visit to England, last summer, she showed herself a mistress alike of fantasia and concerto—of the free and severe styles of *bravura* playing. At a concert in St. James's Hall she also declared her capacity in another way, by admirably leading Mendelssohn's quartet in D major, No. 1, Op. 44. At the Monday Popular Concerts, during an interesting series of performances, she has now emphatically proved herself, without distinction of sex, a master of quartet-playing inferior to few that could be named. To say that she possesses a tone equal in strength and richness to that of Herr Joseph Joachim, or that in depth of sentiment and vigor of execution she emulates that greatest of all living masters of the violin, would be to say what is untrue; but where Mme. Neruda falls short of Herr Joachim is where, on such an instrument as the fiddle, a woman must inevitably fall short of a man. On the other hand, she has graces of her own which Herr Joachim would no more attempt to rival than Mars to rival the fascinations of Venus. Her handling of the "instrument of instruments" is, in its manner, perfect. Her tone, though wanting in breadth, is singularly sweet and agreeable; her mechanism, almost invariably true, is in certain respects prodigious; her intonation is rarely, if ever, at fault; and her expression is enchanting, not only because it is always natural and unaffected, not only because it is utterly devoid of commonplace, but because it bears the stamp of original thought. One of the great attractions of this lady's expression is the entire absence of exaggeration; and this, combined with a manner of phrasing which could scarcely by any possibility be more finished, lends an indescribable charm to her playing. Enough that, in Mme. Neruda, Mr. Chappell has obtained both a new attraction for the public and a mainstay for his quartets, when "the inimitable J. J."—as Herr Joachim is familiarly (and appropriately) styled among amateurs—is not at disposal. The other members of the quartet, during the concerts preceding Christmas, were Herr L. Ries, who has been "second violin" from the commencement; Signor Zerbin, an occasional and very serviceable, because very competent, viola; and Signor Piatti, whose absence from the quartet of the Monday Popular Concerts would, we think, be more severely felt than that

of any other performer. A violinist may lead, and, for a time, Herr Joachim not be missed; but a violoncellist, no matter who, can never play without creating cause for regret that Signor Piatti is absent. Happily, Signor Piatti is now invariably present, his engagement at the Monday Popular Concerts being for the uninterrupted series, season after season.

And now, in a few sentences, we may state what Mme. Neruda played, and what she played the best. At the first concert the quartets were Mendelssohn's in D major (already mentioned), and Haydn's in D minor (so often compared with that of Mozart in the same key, which Mozart dedicated to Haydn). With Mendelssohn we were pleased—as was the case last summer; but with Haydn we were beyond measure charmed; purer expression of music that is purity itself could hardly be imagined. At the same concert the lady-violinist gave to perfection the sonata of Mozart in B flat, for violin and piano, written for Mlle. Strinassacchi—the Norman-Neruda, doubtless, of Mozart's day, although her fame is now exclusively due to the sonata composed expressly for her by the man who also composed *Don Giovanni* and the *Requiem*. In this performance Mme. Neruda's coadjutor, at the pianoforte, was Herr Ernst Pauer—a worthy coadjutor, we need hardly say. At the next concert Mme. Neruda led a quartet by Haydn, in B flat—a display of execution as superior to that in Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" quartet, No. 2 (E minor), first piece in the programme, as the quartet of Beethoven is superior to that of Haydn. Here we could not but feel that beyond a certain line the genius of the new and interesting violinist, however unique, could not travel. The ripe productions of the greatest musicians, are out of her intellectual reach. At the subsequent concert, however, she not only showed that she could play Mozart's quartet in D minor as well as she had already played its counterpart, by Haydn, in the same key, but she roused the audience to enthusiasm in the *adagio* from Spohr's ninth violin concerto. To play Haydn and Mozart so as to satisfy their most fervent admirers is no small thing; but to add Spohr—the great realist, who could see the clouds, and imagine nothing above—was to earn a fresh claim for versatility. At the fourth concert, Mme. Neruda gained a new kind of victory, with Schubert's romantic and somewhat melancholy quartet in A minor (the "Hungarian")—playing on the same occasion, with Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti, his grand trio in B flat (about which Schumann talked so much rhapsody), and with Mr. Hallé, Beethoven's sonata in A minor (Op. 23). The last-named composer's quartet in G major (Op. 18), and a quartet by Haydn (in C), at the concert after, provided for Mme. Neruda not only an occasion again to show how thoroughly she could enter into the spirit of Haydn, but one to show how in Beethoven's earlier works she could feel just as thoroughly at home with Beethoven. At this concert she played, with Mr. Hallé, Mozart's beautiful sonata in F (containing the variations in D minor)—administering to all who heard her a salutary lesson in natural and untormented phrasing. Next followed, on her last appearance, Mme. Neruda's greatest success, and also her only failure—if failure, where there was so much of excellent, it could justly be called. Anything more touching, refined and beautiful than her reading of Mozart's "Orphean" (it has been aptly styled) quintet in G minor—the quintet of quintets—was never heard; anything more comparatively disappointing than her performance (with Mr. Hallé) of Beethoven's well-known sonata dedicated to Kreutzer, could scarcely be fancied. But this merely proves that if we expect constant perfection we are likely to be deceived. In summing up, briefly, the effect produced upon us by Mme. Neruda's successive performances, we may say that she is the greatest and most accomplished lady violinist in our remembrance; but that she is still a *lady violinist*. In Haydn and Mozart she is perfect; in the earlier works of Beethoven (whose Romances, in F and G, by the way, she played at a morning and evening concert respectively, as well as we could dream of hearing them played), she is perfect; in Mendelssohn she is showy and brilliant; but in the larger and profounder works of Beethoven she is somewhat out of her depth. Criticism apart, however, she is a genuine artist, and an invaluable acquisition to the Monday Popular Concerts.

We have already hinted that among the pianists before Christmas were Herr Pauer and Mr. Hallé. Herr Pauer produced, on one evening, a very marked effect by his vigorous and artistic execution of Schubert's very difficult and very elaborate fantasia in C—the one in which the theme of the well known song, "The Wanderer," is introduced. Mr. Hallé brought forward nothing that he had not previously given at these concerts. This gentleman's execution is as exquisitely neat, as mechanically irreproachable, as ever; but his expression, as was shown more particularly in the sonatas of Schubert in B flat major

and A minor, is becoming somewhat over-elaborated. He will not allow a phrase to speak for itself, but puts all, so to say, in "fine language." One might imagine that Mr. Hallé looked upon every simple melody (to quote *Les Précieuses Ridicules*) as "*du dernier bourgeois*," and strove his utmost to make it assume "*le bel air des choses*." The other pianist before Christmas was a young lady, a foreigner, who attempted Beethoven's so-called *Sonata Pastorale* (in D, Op. 28), and played it in a manner so closely resembling that of an imperfectly educated school-girl, that we withhold her name, and merely enter a protest against such exhibitions at high-class entertainments as altogether out of place.

The two concerts since Christmas have been interesting for more reasons than one. That conscientiously striving violinist, Herr Ludwig Straus, on each evening, led the quartets with his accustomed zeal and ability. These were the glorious No. 1 (so-called, although, in strict accuracy, No. 3) of Beethoven, in F, and his still more glorious No. 9 (No. 3 of the "*Rasumowsky*" set), in C. Then we had, for the twentieth time at least, the same composer's famous septet in E flat, for string and wind instruments, about which Haydn thought so much, and Beethoven, affectedly so little, while posterity, without reference either to Haydn or Beethoven, has proclaimed it "immortal"; and Mozart's scarcely less familiar, and certainly not less beautiful, quintet in A, for clarinet and string quartet, in which Mr. Lazarus plays the clarinet part as well as he has ever played it,—and he has played it often enough. On each occasion the pianist, Mme. Arabella Goddard, in accordance with what, in her case, is a time-honored custom, brought forward something never previously heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. On the first evening it was a grand fantasia by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, eldest of Johann Sebastian Bach's twenty-one children, and most gifted of his twelve sons, the majority of whom were more or less musical. The second son, Philipp Emmanuel, is in the world's belief, after his father, the most celebrated who bears the honored name; but this Philipp Emmanuel himself said of his elder brother, W. Friedemann, that he (W. Friedemann) represented their father better than all the rest of them put together. ("*Er konnte unsern Vater eher ersetzen als wir alle zusammengekommen*"). The truth is, however, that Friedemann Bach was more richly endowed than industrious—that is, he is understood, compared with the people about him; for an idle "Bach" would have been something very far beyond a perseveringly diligent composer bearing any other name. Enough that Friedemann Bach has left a great deal of music, much of which is in print, still more, possibly, in manuscript.

What is known of him shows that he stands nearer to his illustrious father even than Philipp Emmanuel, of whom Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven (totally ignorant of Friedemann) knew so much, and whom they esteemed so highly. Friedemann was the greatest organist of his day and the greatest organ composer. What Mme. Goddard selected as an example of his genius, was one of those works for the clavichord (now pianoforte) which have hitherto only existed in manuscript.* She has already played it at her pianoforte recitals, last year, to a more select (which may signify less numerous) audience; but the reception given to it by Mr. Chappell's "2,000" or thereabouts, was heartier than could by any likelihood have been obtained from a "fashionable" audience in the summer. The work itself, which we have no space to describe, is eminently remarkable; it not only foreshadows Haydn and Mozart, but occasionally even Beethoven. Unlike the organ music of Friedemann Bach, which bears so close a resemblance to that of his father, it is something quite new and distinct from the clavichord music of that great model—as new, indeed, for its time, as anything that ever came from spontaneously plastic genius. At the second concert, Mme. Goddard played the magnificent "Introduction, Fugue, and Sonata," in C minor, of Woelfl—another among the many neglected musical geniuses who have lived, and labored, and produced comparatively in vain. To Woelfl, however, about whom we hope to find some other opportunity of speaking, we have already cursorily referred; and all we can at present say of his sonata in C minor is that it was just as welcome and just as cordially received as the fantasia of W. Friedemann Bach. Mme. Goddard's other performances were Mendelssohn's sonata in D (No. 2), for pianoforte and violoncello, and W. Sterndale Bennett's sonata duo in A for the same instruments—in both of which her associate was Signor Piatti. Players better matched could not be named—in saying which we are paying the highest possible compliment to each. The sonata of our

greatest English musician was especially interesting, as having been given for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—although it is now some eighteen years since it was written (expressly for Signor Piatti). A more finished, interesting, and engaging piece of its kind could hardly be named. The middle movement alone would stamp it as a work of genius.

The vocal music at these concerts, though not invariably of the same high order, or exhibiting the same commendable spirit of research, as the instrumental, was especially noticeable at the two performances under immediate consideration. The singer was Mr. Santley, who at the first concert introduced, for the first time, an Italian song by Alessandro Scarlatti (father of Domenico Scarlatti, the celebrated composer for the harpsichord)—"*O cessate di piangere*," which Handel might have owned, and from which Handel unquestionably drew inspiration; besides two of the most familiar songs of Schubert—the "Praise of Tears" and "Hark! the Lark." When Mr. Santley sings, and when Mr. Santley sings such music, it must add to the attraction of any concert, however classical.

At the afternoon performance on Saturday we shall once more hear Herr Joseph Joachim—with whose appearance, as of yore, the Monday Popular Concert season attains its zenith.

Something about Franz Schubert.

At the time the above letters were written I was only slightly acquainted with Schubert, though I had heard him sing his songs on two or three occasions. His voice (*une voix de compositeur*) was something between a sweet tenor and a baritone; his style simple and natural, full of feeling, and without the slightest affectation. In the winter of 1824-25, as a jurist of four years' standing, I was, what with the Vienna edition of Shakespeare, and what with my own productions, overwhelmed with work. I was gradually accumulating innumerable dramas and comedies, among which was the *Gescheister von Nürnberg*, as well as subsequently *Der Musicus von Augsburg*, *Fortunat*, and other ideal and romantic effusions, with which, for the moment, practical, realistic managers would have nothing to do. But I still continued to work on without respite, and spent nearly all my evenings in my lonely room.

I was sitting, then, in that hermitage of mine, one evening, in the month of February, 1825, when my old friend, Schwind, came in, bringing with him Schubert, who was then already celebrated, or at least known. We soon became intimate. In compliance with Schwind's wish, I was obliged to read some absurd things I had written in my youth. We then went to the piano, and Schubert sang. We played, also, with four hands, and then adjourned to the tavern where we remained to a late hour of the night (I am vain enough to mention that it is to my continuous musical practice with my friend that I owe my tolerable skill in reading at sight.)

The alliance was concluded. From that day forth, we three friends were inseparable. Others, too, gathered round us, most of them painters and musicians, and formed a set of individuals, full of fresh life, animated by similar sentiments and similar aspirations, and sharing with each other their pleasures and their pains. First among them was that fine fellow, Schöber, who, in the summer of 1825, at length arrived in Vienna.

Old age becomes from time to time garrulous, but it is only in youth that people have really something to tell each other, and have never finished doing so. Such was the case with us. How often did we three wander about till nearly daylight, seeing one another home in turns, and not being able to part, not unfrequently passing the night at one or the other's rooms.

We were not very particular about comfort. Friend Moritz would, for instance, fling himself, merely wrapped in a leathern counterpane, upon the bare floor, and on one occasion, when a pipe was wanted, he cut up the case of Schubert's eye-glasses into one. As regards property, communistic ideas prevailed; hats, boots, neck-handkerchiefs, and even coats, as well as any other articles of apparel, that happened to fit him who required them, all formed one common stock, but gradually, if often worn by the same individual, who thus gained a kind of affection for them, became his undisputed private property.

Whoever happened to be in cash paid for the other, or others. Sometimes it came to pass that two had no money, and the third only—the same. Of course, Schubert was the *Cæsus* among us, now and then rolling in silver, when he had sold a song or two, or even a whole series, as, for instance, the songs of Walter Scott, for which Artaria or Diabelli paid him five hundred florins, Austrian currency—a price with which he was perfectly contented, and which he re-

solved to husband carefully, but as was always the case, at once failed to do so. For a time, he spent the money freely, treating everyone—then came once more short commons. In a word, the tide was continually ebbing and flowing. It was to the fact of its being high water in Schubert's pocket, that I owe the pleasure of hearing Paganini. I could not manage the five florins that Concert-Pirate required. Of course, it was absolutely imperative that Schubert should hear him, but he would not go a second time without me. He grew quite angry when I refused to accept a ticket from him.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, "I have heard him once, and I was savage you were not with me! I tell you there will not be another fellow like him! Money is a drug in the market with me at present, so come along!" and he dragged me off.

Who would not, under the circumstances, have allowed himself to be persuaded? So we heard the infernally-celestial fiddler, on whose fantasias Heine has written such fine ones himself. We were no less entranced with his wonderful *Adagio*, than surprised at his diabolical dodges. We were, also, no less humorously edified at the incredibly ludicrous bows made by the demoniacal individual, who resembled a thin black doll upon wires. According to custom I was taken to a tavern, and treated after the concert, a bottle more than usual being consumed and set down to the account of our enthusiasm.

That was when it was high tide! But there was a reverse to the medal. On another occasion, I went, early in the afternoon, to the café near the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, and ordered a "*Mélange*" with which I ate half-a-dozen "*Kippfel*." Shortly afterwards, Schubert appeared and did the same. We were both surprised at our respective appetites being so good so shortly after dinner.

"The fact is I have not dined" said my friend, in a somewhat dejected tone.

"No more have I," I replied laughing.

Without any previous arrangement, we had both come to the café, where we were well known, and had "stuck up" the "*Mélange*," instead of having a dinner, for which neither of us was that day in a position to pay. It was completely low tide with both of us.

It was under similar circumstances that the fact of our calling each other "*Du*," was celebrated in sugar and water! Then again came Schubert evenings, "*Schubertliden*" as they were called, with jolly, high-spirited companions, when the wine flowed in streams; that good fellow Vogl sang all the splendid songs for our amusement, and poor Franz Schubert had to accompany them, till his short fat fingers would scarcely obey him any longer. But he was worse off at our house parties—merely "*Wurstelbälle*" in those simple times—though there was no scarcity of pretty women, married and unmarried, at them. Our "*Bertel*," as he was occasionally called in a coaxing tone, had to play his newest waltzes over and over again, till an endless cotillion was finished, so that it was only at the modest supper that the short, corpulent manniken, bathed in perspiration, had a moment's rest. It was not astonishing that he sometimes escaped, and that many a "*Schubertlade*" had to be given without Schubert, if he did not, perchance, feel inclined for company, or some one or other among the persons invited did not particularly please him. It not unfrequently happened that he would let a whole party wait for him in vain, while he was sitting over a bottle, in some obscure wineshop, with half-a-dozen ushers, his former colleagues. When we reproached him, the next day, for his conduct, he would answer with a good-natured snigger: "I was not in the humor."

This is, perhaps, the proper place for correcting certain errors which circulate from time to time, regarding the easy-going, genial artist, especially among persons who have no small opinion of their own good breeding, as they call it. "It is not to be denied that Schubert, poor fellow, possessed talent, but he was totally deficient in polish, in good tone, and even in acquirements—nay, in everything constituting a scholar or a gentleman," people used to say, and, at last, they were rather inclined to picture the genial songster as a kind of "drunken savage," as in his day the prosaic Voltaire designated that poetic giant Shakespeare in *usum Delphini*.

It is certainly true that Schubert had no regular University education; his studies had not extended much beyond the course pre-scribed at the Gymnasium, and he was a self-taught man, all his short existence. In his own branch of art, he was tolerably acquainted with the composers and models, and, under Salieri's direction, had applied himself sufficiently to theory, though, as I will afterwards relate, it was not till the last year of his life that he set about studying certain subjects, which he had previously neglected. In literature, too, he was anything but ignorant, and the poetic way, full of life, with which he could

* It has just been published as No. 1 of a series of "Reviews."

grasp the most different poetic individualities, such as Goethe, Schiller, William Müller, J. G. Seydl, Mayrhofer, Walter Scott and Heine; clothe them anew in flesh and blood, and faithfully reproduce in beautiful, noble, and characteristic music the idiosyncrasy of each one—such instances of palingenesis should suffice, by the mere fact of their existence, and without any further proof, to show from what deep feeling, from how delicately strung a soul his creations flowed! Any one who so understands poets is a poet himself. And there is a great difference between a man who is a poet, and occasionally quaffs his wine in an Anacreontic spirit with his friends and those who think as he does, and a drunken savage! This savage, too, read seriously; extracts exist in his own hand from historical and even philosophical writers; his diaries contain his own ideas, which are sometimes highly original, as well as poems; and his favorite associates were artists, and persons connected with art. He entertained, on the other hand, a perfect dread of ordinary prosy individuals, and with regard to those narrow-minded beings, high or low, commonly called the educated classes, Goethe's exclamation:—

"Lieber will ich schlechter werden
Als mich ennyiren."

was always his motto, as it was that of us all. In mediocre company he felt isolated, uncomfortable, and oppressed, and easily grew ill-tempered, despite the great attention shown him when he was beginning to be celebrated. It was not, therefore, astonishing, if he sometimes at table took more than he could bear, and, by a few strong outbursts, sought to free himself from the depressing influence of those around him, so that they started back in dismay. I myself witnessed a scene of this description, but, after all, it was more comic than reprehensible. It was one summer's afternoon. We had strolled out, with Franz Lachner and others, to Grinzing, for the purpose of having some of the new wine, a beverage of which Schubert was especially fond, though I myself never liked its sharp, acid taste. We sat talking pleasantly over the liquor, and did not walk back till it was dark. I wanted to go home at once, as I resided at that time in a distant suburb, but Schubert dragged me forcibly into a tavern. I was also obliged to accompany him to a café, where he was accustomed to finish his evening, stopping in fact till late into the night. It was one o'clock in the morning, and an exceedingly animated musical discussion had sprang up as we sat drinking hot punch. Schubert tossed off one glass after another, and fell into a sort of enthusiastic fit, and, more eloquent than usual, explained to Lachner and myself all his plans for the future. As fate would have it, a very unlucky star conducted into the café two musicians, celebrated members of the band at the Operahouse. On their entrance, Schubert stopped short in the midst of his animated harangue. His forehead grew wrinkled, and his small grey eyes glared wildly from beneath his spectacles, which he kept pushing ceaselessly backwards and forwards. Scarcely, however, had the musicians caught sight of the master, before they rushed up to him, seized hold of his hands, said a thousand complimentary things, and nearly crushed him with flattery. At length it came out that they were most anxious to have a new composition, with solos for their own particular instruments, for a concert they intended giving. "The maestro Schubert would assuredly be so obliging as to, etc., etc."

The master, however, appeared anything but so obliging, and made no reply. Being repeatedly pressed, he at length said curtly, "No! for you I will write nothing."

"Not for us?" said the musicians in amazement.

"No! most certainly not!"

"And why not, Herr Schubert?" was the reply, in an irritated tone. "I think we are as much artists as yourself! no better are to be found in all Vienna!"

"Artists!" exclaimed Schubert, hastily drinking the last glass of punch, and getting up from his seat. Then, cocking his hat, over his ear the little fellow placed himself, as though menacingly, before the two virtuosos, one of whom was a big, and the other a corpulent man. "Artists!" he repeated, "Catgut-scrappers, you mean. You are nothing more! One of you nibbles the brass mouthpiece of his wooden cudgel, and the other puffs out his cheeks by blowing down his French horn. Do you call that art? It is a mechanical trade, a knack, that brings in money, and there an end!—You, artists! Do you not know what the great Lessing says?—How can a man do nothing all his life but nibble the end of a piece of wood with holes in it!—that is what he says!" (turning to me)—"or something of the kind. Am I not right?" (Again addressing the virtuosos), "You pretend to be artists! You are only fiddlers and blowing machines, the whole lot of you! I am an artist, if you like. I am Schubert, Franz Schubert,

whom everyone knows, and of whom every one speaks! A man who has written great things, and beautiful things which you are incapable of understanding—and who will write something still more beautiful."—(To Lachner): "Is not that true, my boy?—Something very fine indeed! Cantatas and quartets, operas and symphonies! I am not merely a waltz-composer, as you see stated in the stupid papers, and as stupid men repeat—I am Schubert! Franz Schubert! Remember that! When the word *art* is uttered, the speaker refers to me, and not to you, insects and worms, who ask for solos, which I will never write for you—I know why! You crawling, gnawing worms, you whom I ought to crush beneath my foot—the foot of a man who touches the stars—*sublimi feriam sidera vertice*,"—(to me): "translate that for them.—The stars, I say, while you, poor horn-blowing worms, wriggle in the dust, and with the dust as dust are blown about and rot."

Such a tirade, only verbally far worse, though I have faithfully reproduced its spirit, was that which he launched at the heads of the dumb-founded virtuosos who stood gaping with their mouths wide open, and without being able to say a word in reply, while Lachner and myself endeavored to get the excited composer away from what was, at any rate, a very unpleasant scene. We took him home, soothing him as we went along.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 26, 1870.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The eighth Symphony Concert (Thursday Afternoon, Feb. 17), was made up as follows:

Overture, "The Fair Melusina,".....Mendelssohn.
Symphony, in G minor.....Mozart.

Pianoforte Concerto, in D major, No. 2, Ed. of Breitkopf and Härtel. First time.....Mozart.
Allegro. Larghetto. Allegretto.

Hermann Daum.

Unfinished Symphony, in B minor.....Schubert.

Allegro moderato. Andante con moto.

Serenade (from a Quartet), by all the strings.....Haydn.

Overture, "The Wood Nymph".....Bennett.

This was not altogether a fortunate combination. We say not fortunate, because the programme as a whole, as it resulted after various balked purposes and changes, was somewhat the accident of an accident. Too many sweets, too little contrast, although plenty of variety; but a variety entirely within the sphere of soothing, gentle influence. It was unfortunate, too, that the Mozart Concerto came immediately after the Mozart Symphony; yet the component elements of the programme hardly allowed another order. The two Overtures, both romantic, picturesque and interesting as provoking a comparison, had to be placed far apart to avoid monotony.

The G-minor Symphony (which led off in the very first of these concerts five years ago), is one of the perfect creations of its kind, so recognized by all musicians. We wonder not a little therefore, when we read in one of the Dailies that it is "by no means one of the greatest of the great composer's Symphonies!" Which among them, then, is greater—with the one exception of the "Jupiter?" For, leaving that out, none of Mozart's Symphonies are great in the sense in which the term as quoted seems to have been used. Their greatness is in the perfection of their art, their pure imaginative beauty, their unity of form pervaded by one warm, spontaneous life, as it they grew and were not made. And in these attributes the G-minor stands at the head of all the Symphonies. The rendering this time was delicate, the fine vitality of outline well preserved, and in the main the lovely, luscious coloring as well.

Mr. DAUM is a devoted, conscientious student of the masters of piano writing, who does not

seem by temperament or strength of physique to find his forte in tasks with orchestra before great audiences. He plays too much as if he were alone in his own quiet room, a reverent reader of his master, rather than a self-forgetting, strong interpreter. The listener waits in vain to feel the sparks struck out. Yet all is rendered smoothly, cleanly for the most part,—bating a too frequent blurring intervention of the pedal. Nor did this one in D major, although wearing the unmistakable family features, prove to be one of the most interesting of Mozart's Concertos; the more famous one in D minor, or another in E flat, considering that so far we had heard none of them here, would have been a happier choice. We are certainly thankful to Mr. Daum for letting us hear a Mozart Concerto at all; the choice of author, at all events, was creditable in a time when all our artists seem reluctant to produce themselves in any but the more brilliant and electrifying works in this form by great composers since Mozart,—the two greatest ones of his immediate successor, Beethoven, being the greatest of any yet. The first movement in the one under consideration is of most account, though evidently the *Larghetto*, with its simple, quaint, idyllic melody, its pretty motive prettily imitating itself—gracefully and feelingly played too—gave most general pleasure. The Finale, one of the slightest of Mozart's commonplaces, sounds too much like a pupil's exercise in Hüntner or some "Modern School" of the past generation. The elaborate Cadenzas, introduced in the two quick movements, very good ones, were written by Carl Reinecke. (And here we must remark that we had been misinformed, when we attributed to Reinecke the Cadenzas used by Miss Dutton in the Beethoven Concerto; they were by Moscheles). Mr. Daum won the respect and sympathy of his audience, and was quite warmly applauded, especially after the slow movement.

The two movements of the Unfinished Symphony mark neither "the highest" nor "the latest wave" of Schubert's genius, as the authority above cited would have us believe. They were written some time before the great, crowning work, the Symphony in C. Full of beauties, and of originality, of course, they are, and only genius great as Schubert's could account for them. Plainly they have become very popular, and many, even of the most experienced music-lovers, hear them for the first time with a delightful surprise. There is no denying the charm of the melodic theme pervading the first movement, nor the tragic pathos and delicacy of both movements, nor the occasional passages of grandeur. It is a fragmentary effort of strange fascination, but not a triumphant work. It has at least two defects. In the first place it is not positively *Symphonic*; during the greater part of the Allegro you are in doubt whether you are listening to a Symphony, or to a tragic Overture, the restless tremolo is so dramatic; the overmastering mood is more than the artistic genial mastery. And then, taking the *Andante* and *Allegro* together, the entire tone is one of utter melancholy and depression; Music fails to work out its spiritual victory here and win great Joy, as it does in all the Symphonies of Beethoven, and in the great one of Schubert. The Allegro seems to describe a feverish brain haunted by one lovely, hopeful melody, which it in vain pursues, rising near the end to a great climax of despair which is indeed sublime and in the grandest vein of Symphony, but only momen-

tary. Another of these great suggestions occurs near the beginning of the Andante; but on the whole we have the glorious brain here in a comparatively impotent and sickly state. Wonderfully lovely and strange themes are no wonder ever in a man like Schubert; his pianoforte Sonatas are full of them, and yet these, with two or three exceptions, cannot as artistic wholes be counted among his great successes. Can we wonder that Schubert put this work aside unfinished?

The little Quartet piece from Haydn, played by all the strings (after a manner much in vogue in Paris, and recently exemplified to us in this very *morceau* by Thomas's Orchestra), was a charming bit of *pianissimo* effect, in itself very much enjoyed; though, considering all that had preceded, some bracing, vigorous *fortissimos* might have been better for us. And we must own that there is justice in the following remarks in the *Transcript*:

It might well be questioned whether the Haydn "Serenade" by all the strings—however grateful the piece—rightly found its place on the programme; serving, as its primarily did, to illustrate in imitation a mere instrumental effect. It was given with muted strings, and was not a success in comparison with the Thomas rendering. Shut one's eyes, and the sound seemed to come at most from a double quartet of strings; the prime achievement—that of fulness and volume even under the restraint of an absolute *pianissimo*, was not attained.

Bennett's romantic Overture loses nothing by repetition; yet this Wood Nymph, though charming, need cause no jealousy in the fair Melusina.

The next programme (ninth and last but one of the Concerts, March 3) will not be open to any of the above complaints; while the first appearance of the young German Pianist, Miss ANNA MEHLIG, who has made so fine an impression on the most musical people in New York as well in Europe, will be a marked event in our musical year. It is this:

PART I. Overture to "Genoveva," Schumann; Recit. and Aria: "Addio, O miei sospiri," from Gluck's "Orfeo," (first time), sung by Mrs. C. A. Barry; Piano Concerto in F minor, Chopin, played by Miss Anna Mehlig, (her first appearance in Boston.)

PART II. Alto Arias, from Handel's Italian Operas, arranged by Robert Franz, (first time in any concert), sung by Mrs. Barry; Beethoven's Heroic Symphony.

CHAMBER CONCERTS. Notwithstanding the absence of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, classical entertainments of this class have abounded with us, beyond all precedent, this winter. The LISTEMANN Quartet Matinees are over; PERABO has completed two sets of Piano Matinees, of four each, and soon begins with Evening Concerts; MR. PETERSILEA has given two of his four Musical "Receptions"; MR. PARKER finishes to-night his Trio Soirees, four in number, given weekly. And still we have in prospect four "Piano forte Recitals" (beginning Tuesday, March 1,) by MR. JAMES M. TRACY, assisted by Mr. H. WILDE, vocalist; and, probably, most welcome news, a series by HUGO LEONHARD. To these must be added, but that they are countless, the Matinees, &c., of the two Conservatories.

Of all these the scene has been and will be Chickering Hall, and after these are over we shall know that pleasant place no more save as a remembered blessing. The greedy mouth of Business, Dry Goods, gapes wide to swallow up the building, and the Messrs. Chickering will remove a few blocks southward on the same street, where they will soon have another and a larger Hall, and Music will not cease to be under the constant obligations to them that it always has been.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER's Second Trio Soirée, Saturday evening, Feb. 12, was made up of choice elements:

Trio in E flat, op. 1.....Beethoven.
Allegro. Adagio. Scherzo. Presto.
Aria, from "Die Entführung".....Mozart.
Piano Solos:
Prelude in E major.....Bach.
Scherzo in E minor.....Mendelssohn.
Songs:
Night Song.....Schumann.
The Violet.....Mozart.
Trio in F major.....Schumann.
Allegro molto. Adagio Espressivo. Moderato. Allegro non troppo.

Both the Trios were rendered in good style and with true artistic feeling, Messrs. LISTEMANN and HEINDL taking the violin and 'cello parts. The early one by Beethoven does not lose its freshness, nor seem less original after the very interesting one by Schumann, which was new to us, and too good to be dismissed with a single hearing. The whole work is full of power and beauty, particularly the third movement, which has a peculiar rhythm, and in the second part of which the melody in the piano is accompanied by a charming variation on itself begun by the violin and passed on to the 'cello. Mr. Parker played the smaller pieces in a clear and finished manner, with fine taste and feeling. The singer, Mrs. A. P. BROWNE, who has a bright and fresh soprano, not particularly sympathetic, with fair execution, made quite an agreeable impression, especially in the two smaller songs.

The programme of the third Soirée was this:

Trio in G major.....Mozart.
Allegro. Andante. Allegretto.
Aria, from "St. Paul," "Be thou faithful!" Mendelssohn.
[Violoncello obbligato].
Piano Solo: Ballad in A flat.....Chopin.
Song: Suleika.....Schubert.
Trio in D minor.....Mendelssohn.

The Mozart Trio, — the first by him which we remember to have heard in any of our concert rooms — was most enjoyable. An easy task for the performers, compared with the more modern works of that kind, but yet requiring a mature artistic feeling, a fine, vital touch and finish, which it had in this case. Familiar as the Mozart features were, they had the charm of novelty and freshness presented in this for him (to us) unwonted form. It is unaffected, happy music, full of grace and geniality; light-hearted, but not trivial. The variations of the piquant Allegretto theme sparkle with charming pleasantry, and Mr. Parker's happy rendering of one or two of them called forth much applause. The D-minor Trio of Mendelssohn, of course, is always acceptable, nor did the artists fail to make its beauty felt. We do not think that Mr. Parker's forte lies in Chopin; yet the *Ballade*, but for a little coldness, was on the whole nicely played.

It was a real pleasure to hear the sympathetic tenor voice of Dr. S. W. LANGMAID, improved by careful culture as it is, and always used expressively, in songs of such rare beauty and significance as these two. He entered truly into the spirit of each style of music, and brought out their beauty and deep feeling. Mr. Heindl comes in for a good share of the credit for his expressive violoncello accompaniment of the sacred Aria. Schubert's "Suleika" is one of the most exquisite of all the songs which that marvellous song writer produced so easily.

MR. ERNST PERABO concluded his second series of four Matinees, on Friday, Feb. 18. A large audience, as usual, were delighted with his rendering of a unique, and for the most part novel programme:

Sonata, (A minor, No. 7, Edition Peters, Leipzig.) Mozart.
a) Allegro maestoso. b) Andante cantabile con espressione.
c) Presto.
"Nachtstücke," op. 23.....Robert Schumann.
No. 1. Mehr langsam, oft zurückhaltend.
No. 2. Markirt und lebhaft.
No. 3. Mit grosser Lebhaftigkeit.
No. 4. Einfach.
(a) Etude, op. 10 No. 4, [C sharp minor.] Chopin.
(b) Tarantella, op. 43, [A flat major].
Sonata, op. 111, [C Minor].....Beethoven.
a) Maestoso. Allegro con brio ed appassionato.
b) Arietta, Adagio.

The Mozart Sonata, one of the strongest and richest of the set, (No. 5, in the Ditson edition), was played once before by Mr. Perabo, some two years ago, and was worthy of revival. The "Night Pieces," by Schumann, are strangely characteristic

specimens of his moody and peculiar genius. The first (in a "rather slow, and often reluctant" tempo), is sombre in tone, and would seem monotonous and dull, not fairly mastered. The second ("marked and lively," the third (*vivacissimo*), and the fourth, ("simple," as it is marked and already familiar to not a few here), went on increasing in interest, for they were finely interpreted.

Of Perabo, also, we should say that Chopin's sphere was not particularly his sphere. His selections showed the more brilliant side of the composer, and quite felicitously. But the great feature of the concert, as of an earlier one, and which everybody wished to hear repeated more than anything in the young artist's whole rich series of interpretations, was the last of Beethoven's Sonatas, in C minor. Schindler is the authority for Mr. Perabo's statement in a note, that "Beethoven wrote this Sonata, also, op. 109 and 110, in the autumn of 1821, at one sitting, (*in einer Sitzung*), in order to convince an anxious friend, Count Brunswick, that his intellect was unimpaired." But Schindler's expression is *schrieb nieder*, wrote them down, which may imply that the work of composition had been already done. Otherwise the thing would seem miraculous. Perabo played it magnificently, and the great features of the work, so full of fire, depth of feeling, and rich imagination, stamped themselves upon more than one mind wont to feel itself astray and overtaken and weary amid the bewildering flashes of Beethoven's later genius. It was a grand finale to the series of concerts.

Mr. Perabo announces his first Evening Concert for March 22, when he will play two of the Schubert Sonatas, and Beethoven's Six Variations, op. 34; and when Mr. KREISSMANN, too, will sing Löwe's setting of Goethe's droll, fantastic "*Hochzeitslied*" (Wedding Song). We may also state that Mr. LEONHARD will join him, on a similar occasion, in the performance of what perhaps is Schubert's most grandly conceived work, next to the Symphony in C, itself symphonic in suggestion, and made into a Symphony by Joachim,—the Fantasia for four hands.

Mozart's Marriage of Figaro.

[Concluding remarks on the performance by the English troupe, which were crowded out in our last number.]

The concert-d pieces went well, and the Orchestra under CARL ROSA's sure direction, though it needed more strings, did fair justice to Mozart's exquisite instrumentation. It is easy to single out airs, scenes, special parts for admiration; and it is for these that most listeners seek the Opera. But to the real music-lover, what even more than these, in an imaginative, unique, and whole creation, like this happy production of young Mozart's brain, enchants, absorbs, and fills with delicious after-vibrations in the chambers of the soul, is the lavish and spontaneous springing up of flowers of beauty in all the unpretending little, what seem mere connecting passages—what may be caught by listening, especially at any passing moment to the orchestra,—in short the beauty of the composition as a whole. Most people do not notice this, and thereby they lose as much, as commonplace mortals, all preoccupied with worldly cares, lose of the daily beauty of the sky and light or of those wondrous visitations of the divine artist, Nature, when she transforms our parks and streets, and dingy houses into such unimaginable fairy world, as she has done in last night's snow storm.

"Figaro" is a rare work of genius, and it is well that our people so appreciate it. But let us not admit what some say, that it is even greater than *Don Giovanni*. The latter, to all the melody and grace of "Figaro," adds another element, of the sublimest grandeur, wholly absent here,—or rather interblends the two—to wit, the supernatural; and that not only where it takes supreme possession in the tremendous last scene, but, (what is more to the purpose of our argument) where, as in the scene where Leporello is forced to invite the statue to supper, the terror of the supernatural creeps into, without silencing the comic and grotesque; and, all the while, the orchestra singing and breathing balmy summer night over it all, and over us!

MORE ORCHESTRAL MUSIC. The Harvard Musical Association will give two extra Symphony Concerts, on the two Thursday-following their subscription series. The first, March 24, will be in aid of the noble, patriotic project of a Boston Art Museum, (particularly for that department of it which is most important and stands most in need, that of Casts of the great Sculpture of the world). The programme will consist largely of the works of Beethoven, and Mr. LEONHARD will then redeem his promise of playing the Schumann Concerto. The second, March 31, will be in compliment to the Conductor, CARL ZIEGLER, and will also offer great attractions. The members of the Harvard will claim no priority in the choice of seats. Further particulars shortly.

GENOA.—The great event of the musical season here this winter has been the opening of a new Concert room built for Professor Bossola and named by him "Sala Sivori," in honor of the illustrious violinist, Camillo Sivori, who is by birth a Genoese, and who gave his services on the present inaugural occasion. Two distinguished amateur vocalists, Signor Diaz de Soria and Signora Delsignore, lent their talent; and the Marchese d'Arcais delivered an introductory discourse on the cultivation of musical art. The programme selected by Maestro Bossola included Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor for violin and orchestra, admirably executed by Sivori and his instrumental assistants. The care with which this piece had been studied, and the delight with which its performance was received on the present occasion, may serve to prove that when classical pieces are chosen and well produced they give infinitely more pleasure than the trashy so-called music which is generally supposed to be more popular and attractive. The public taste is of a higher and more discriminating kind than is usually attributed to it; and we think that the attention with which this Concerto was listened to by a Genoese audience, and the applause it received from them, form marked evidences of the fact. The Marchese d'Arcais, in his discourse, took occasion to allude to the improvement visible in Genoese taste for sterling music; gracefully and graciously tracing one source of this improvement to the four years' series of classical concerts given at the house of a musical non-Italian resident in this beautiful city.

The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh of Maestro Lavagnino's Classical Concerts, at the Villa Novello, took place on the 22nd and 29th of December, and the 5th and 12th of January; the sixth concert consisted of a second historical selection of compositions from ancient and modern Italian masters. The programme included Leonardo Leo's choral fugue "Kyrie eleison;" Alessandro Scarlatti's Arietta, "Deh! cessati;" Carissimi's Motet, "Gaudemus;" Marcello's Psalm, "Qual anelante;" Lulli's air from "Alceste" (for Charon), "Il faut passer dans ma barque;" duet and fugue from Pergolesi's Stabat Mater, "Vidit suum" and "Amen;" Guglielmi's Aria sancta, with clarinet obbligato, "Gratias agimus;" a jig and minuet, by Corelli and Geminiani, for violin and piano forte; Cherubini's round for women's voices, "Perfida Clori;" Paisiello's terzetto buffo, from his "Barbiere di Siviglia," "Ma, dov'eri tu;" and Giordani's brindisi "Vivan tutte le Vezzose."—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

JENA.—The 13th ult. was the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Academic Concerts, which have succeeded each other uninterruptedly longer than any other concerts in Germany, always excepting the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig, the first of which was given one hundred and twenty-six years ago! In honor of the occasion, the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach forwarded the Cross of the Order of the White Falcon, first class, to Dr. Carl Gille, managing director of the concerts, and the University presented him with the honorary diploma of Doctor of Philosophy. From Queen Augusta of Prussia Dr. Gille received the following letter:—"Taking, as I do take, so great an interest in everything that goes on in my country, I cannot refrain from expressing the sincere sympathy excited in my breast by the hundredth anniversary of the Academic Concerts in Jena, and, at the same time, from adding how much I appreciate the services which you, both as director for many years, of these concerts, and as chairman to the General Musical Association of Germany, have rendered to the cause of our national art. May you long be spared to labor for it as successfully as hitherto, and to receive the thanks of all those who are interested in its development. Berlin, 17th January, 1870. Augusta." Herr Neumann, who, for the last ten years, has acted most efficiently as the musical director of the concerts, received the gold Medal for Civil Merit, from the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. The programme of the hundredth concert comprised:—Symphony in A major, Stude; Prologue, C. Dohm; "An die Künstler" (solos, chorus for male voices, and orchestra), Liszt; "Festival Overture," C. Lassen; Cantata, solos, chorus, and orchestra, C. Lassen; "Gaudemus igitur," humorous piece, solos, chorus, and orchestra, Franz Liszt. The last three pieces were composed expressly for the anniversary. Some of the regulations laid down for the students taking part in the concerts a century ago are highly amusing, and served to give us an insight into what the student-life of the period must have been. One of the regulations, for instance, is, that no student shall appear in his dressing-gown or with curl papers in his hair, but in clean clothing and linen, and with his hair properly arranged, or with a wig. Another regulation

requires the students "to be quiet and act in a becoming manner at the concert, and not make a noise, or get into disputes; the *virī academici* are prohibited from seeing any females home."

BONN.—The Musical library of the late Professor Otto Jahn is offered for sale. The price is fixed at ten thousand thalers.—Great preparations are being made to celebrate, becomingly, Beethoven's centenary, in August.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE. The programme for the Forty-Seventh Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, which, as announced in last week's number of the *Musical World*, will take place here at Whitsuntide, under the direction of Herr Franz Lachner, is, at length, definitely settled. It will comprise, on the first day, Beethoven's *Missa solennis* and *Sinfonia Eroica*; on the second day, the same composer's grand "Leonore Overture," and Handel's *Deborah*; and, on the third day, a miscellaneous selection, vocal and instrumental.

ST. PETERSBURGH. Herr Ferdinand Hiller conducted at the fifth concert of the Russian Musical Society. The following was the programme on the occasion:—"Fingal's Cave Overture," Mendelssohn; Violin Concerto, Max Bruch (Herr Auber); Ferdinand Hiller's Overture to Schiller's tragedy of *Demetrius*; Adagio for Violin, Hiller; "Perpetuum mobile," Paganini (Herr F. Hiller and Auber); and Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, Beethoven. Herr Ferdinand Hiller was most warmly received and enthusiastically applauded.—Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was lately produced at the Russian Operahouse, Mlle. Lawrojsky particularly distinguishing herself as Fides.

EDINBURG. At the organ recital in the Music Class Room in Park Place, on Thursday, Professor Oakeley made the following remarks with reference to the performance of Bach's Instrumental compositions in England:—"At the last organ performance here, said the Professor, allusion was made to the transcendent genius of Johann Sebastian Bach, as a choral composer, and to the neglect in England of his cantatas, oratorios, masses, and other vocal works, of which he has left so rich and rare a legacy. As an instrumental composer Bach is better known, but not really widely so, and chiefly by his great fugues for organ and harpsichord, or clavichord, instruments now represented by the modern pianoforte, and for his *Suites de pieces pour Clavecin*, compositions superseded by the sonata of modern times, consisting of a series of movements in the same key, entitled *Sarabandes, Gavottes, Allemandes, Bourées, Courantes*, and so on. His orchestral suites are very rarely performed, for the obvious reason that they were composed before the introduction of several instruments now in use, indeed before the true and manifold beauties of "orchestration" were discovered, or at all events developed. And it is to be regretted that some great modern master, Mendelssohn for instance, has not done for Bach what Mozart did for Handel in the way of additional instrumentation. Something, indeed, has been lately attempted in this way with regard to the accompaniments to a few of Bach's choral works, by one of Schumann's disciples, Robert Franz, whose labors have been successful, if we may judge from the fact of his added orchestral parts having been used at the two last Rhenish festivals—at Cologne, in 1868, when the superb Whitsuntide cantata was given, and at Düsseldorf last year, when the great "Magnificat" in D was performed, from which work excerpts shall be introduced here on some future occasion. Some of Bach's organ music has also been transcribed for orchestra by Esser, of Vienna, who has scored the Toccata and Fugue in F major, and the "Passacaglia," which I have heard at a garden-concert at Prague, to which the charge for admission was about threepence. And Franz Lachner, late Kapellmeister at Munich, introduced at the festival there in 1863 one of the Preludes and Fugues thus enriched by him, when the reception accorded to it was striking and memorable. It is, said the Professor, my intention to give one of these organ works, thus transcribed, at the Reid Concert next year. But the original orchestral score of Bach not only requires addition, but also alteration, as several instruments of his time are now out of use; for instance, the "violoncello piccolo" and the horns and oboes "di caccia," and indeed his obbligato employment of the trumpets presents much difficulty without modification. Thus then, the unfrequent performance of Bach's instrumental scores is accounted for, and has been already noted; the chief obstacle in his vocal scores, besides their intrinsic difficulty, is the absence of a good or indeed any English text.—*Choir.*

Special Notices.

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A pleasant comicality.
- A song for those who love us. 3. Eb to e. Thomas. 35
- The 172nd Hymn. Arranged from "Maritana." 3. A. Swartwout. 40
- Captivity. Far from the haunts of men. 2. G to G. Henrion. 30
- Nora Lee. 3. D to f. Hervey. 30
- None I loved like thee. Ballad and Chorus. 3. Bb to f. Smith. 30
- Far away. 2. F to F. Lindsay. 30
- Planchette. Comic Song. 2. Bb to D. Veazie. 35
- Hang up the babies' stocking. Song and Chorus. 30
- O may we meet again. Ballad. 35
- Xenia. Oh heart unfaithful. 6. Bb to g. Lutz. 60

A showy song in operatic style.

- Veni Domine. Trio. Female voices. 5. G minor to g. Mendelssohn. 40
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- A gem of the first water.
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Instrumental.

- Sweet Smile Polka. 4 Hands. Eb. 4. Grass. 60
- Three Preludes Pianoforte (No. 3). E minor Mendelssohn. 30
- Whitlock Schottische. 2. Bb. Holbrook. 30
- Berliner Kinder. (Berlin Children Walzer). 4. Eb. Bela. 75
- Washington Gray Cavalry March. 3. Bb. (with handsome Vignette). 50
- Fantasia Brillante from Ambrose Thomas's Hamlet. 6. Bb. Ketterer. 75
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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

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